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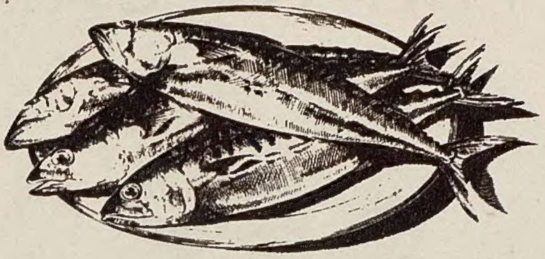

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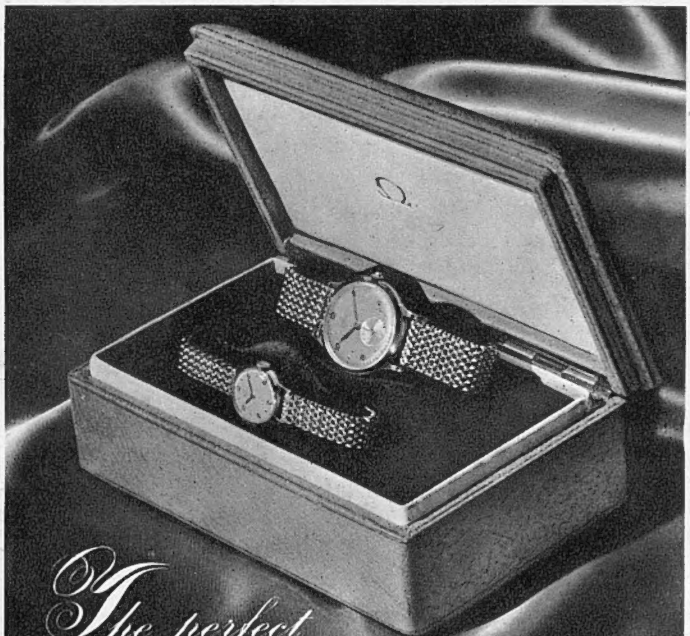

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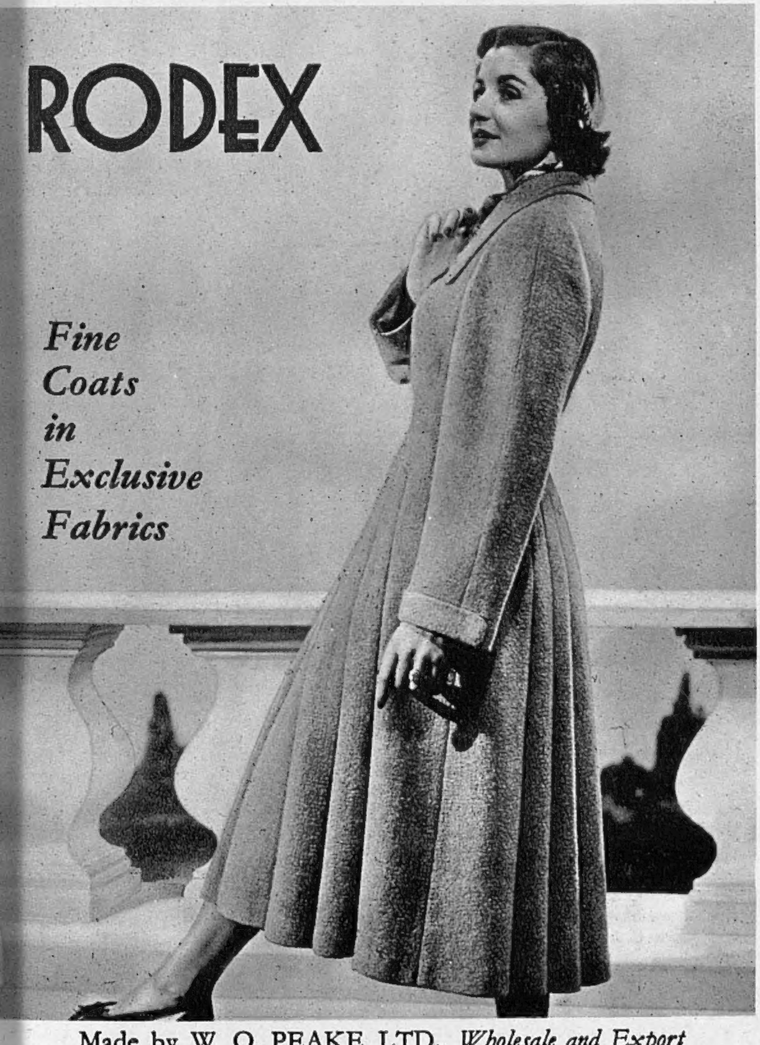


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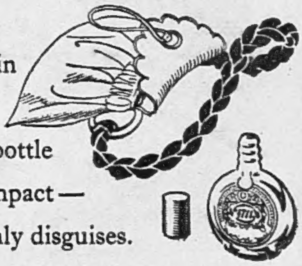

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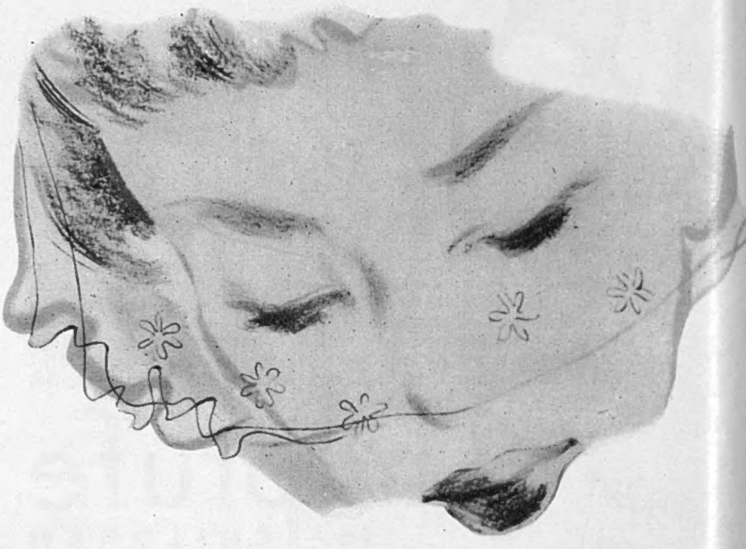

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1950

# SKATING CHAMPION IN "ROSE MARIE"

BARBARA ANN SCOTT plays the lead in Tom Arnold's *Rose Marie on Ice* at the Harringay Arena. This brilliant Canadian-born girl—now turned professional—has held eight Figure Skating Championships: the Women's 1948 Olympic, Women's World Championship three times, the Women's European, North American, Canadian Senior and Junior Ladies' Figure Skating Championships.

At the Royal Norfolk Agricultural Show, Sandringham, the Queen presented to the King the Silver Challenge Cup for the best group of Red Poll cattle.

# Sketch-Book

## BEVERLEY BAXTER

TO a savage like myself who has never played cricket except on the seashore, it is always a little difficult to understand the awe, and indeed the reverence, which it inspires in the breasts of devotees. One hears the expression, " It isn't cricket," and realises its meaning, but I still do not know why cricket particularly has become the synonym for fair play and giving the opponent the benefit of the doubt.

But one night recently, at the House of Commons, of all places, I had an insight into the mystery. Sir Stanley Holmes, who sits as a Liberal-National for Harwich, takes delight in giving dinners for visiting Test teams, but on this occasion the guest of honour was one man, Sir Pelham Warner, who, at the age of seventy-six, has been appointed President of the all-powerful governing cricket body, the M.C.C.

To honour so great a man came Prime Minister Attlee, who played his first cricket game when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, and who is proving himself the greatest political stonewaller of modern times. Anybody who can face that famous body-line bowling of Winston Churchill and remain comparatively unmarked deserves his place in a team.

Anthony Eden was another guest, for at Westminster we like to balance everything two and two, as Noah did in the Ark. In fact, we improved on Noah this time by having Clem Davies, the Leader of the Liberal Party. There was also Mr. Harrison, the Resident and resonant Minister in London for Australia. The rest of the company consisted of selected sportsmen and politicians—not always the same thing.

But those of us who think we are pretty good with the spoken word found a master in " Plum " Warner. Without a note, he spoke for nearly half an hour and with a charming mixture of humour and sentiment. " One of the tributes I value," he said solemnly, " was from the late Sir James Barrie, who wrote in an essay on cricket, ' The first time I saw Plum Warner bat he scored one run. The second time I saw him he was not so fortunate.' "

No doubt the story had done good service in the past but it fitted perfectly into the mood of the evening. Towards the end of his speech he looked back on a life devoted to the game as a player and a wandering Ambassador. And looking ahead, he declared : " When my life ends, whenever that may be, I shall die a happy man."

He did not pretend that the game of cricket had created nothing but sweet harmony in the outer Empire, but listening to his story one realises what an Empire-builder cricket is. This is one form of sport which only Britishers can understand and in which only Britishers excel—and by Britishers I mean all sizes, shapes and colours within the mighty Commonwealth. We may bow to Spain in football, to America in tennis, and almost anyone in boxing, but no foreign eleven can challenge the best that the Empire could produce at cricket.

My neighbour at the dinner was a youngish man of quiet humour and an easy, agreeable style of conversation which surprisingly suggested both competence and modesty. It turned out that he was a golfer with a four handicap, and we had much to say on that fascinating and damnable game. Further conversation revealed the fact that he played cricket on occasion, and even Soccer, being quite knowledgeable on both of them, but by no means dogmatic.

And just then my old friend, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, handed him a menu and asked for his autograph. Without embarrassment my neighbour took out a pen and wrote: *Sincerely, Denis Compton.*

Perhaps there is something to be said for the American Rotarian system of members wearing a badge with their name on it. If it had not been for Sir Jocelyn I might have spent the whole dinner airing my opinions on sport instead of listening.

To end this dissertation, let me tell you that something happened at that dinner which was unique—and not without interest. At a fairly late hour Harold Macmillan got up to propose the health of our host, but hardly had he said: "Mr. Prime Minister, Sir Pelham Warner, Sir Stanley Holmes, and gentlemen . . ." when bells rang in all directions, and vasty voices of policemen boomed: "DIVISHUN!"

Macmillan's eyes twinkled. "What should we do?" he asked. "I have been counting heads and we are pretty well equal. Shall we pair and abstain? Perhaps not. Then my speech, despite the importance of the subject, must remain undelivered and I can only thank our host and leave it at that." Whereupon Stanley Holmes thanked us for thanking him and put aside his notes, as the politicians swarmed out of the room.

Naturally these undelivered speeches were by men on whose every word (or nearly every word) we would normally hang like drowning men. But how many public dinners we have attended where those Division bells would have been as welcome as the distant swirl of the bagpipes to the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow!

THERE is one thing about the Americans: they are seekers after perfection. According to an article in one of their magazines there are semi-psychiatrists who advise people what music should accompany their reading. In other words, you select a book and then put on appropriate gramophone records.

It is an intriguing idea, and after all, did not Willie Walton write the music of "Façade" to be played during the reading of their poems by the three Sitwells? Out of that experiment came the ballet which has won a permanent place in the Sadler's Wells repertory.

But what about books? "War and Peace" would go admirably with Tschaikovsky's "1812." Delius and Hardy would seem a natural combination. So would Thackeray and Elgar, Keats and Mendelssohn, Shelley and Chopin, Victor Hugo and Debussy, Shakespeare's tragedies with Wagner, Galsworthy with Bach, and Dickens with Sullivan. Unfortunately, my gramophone records consist now almost entirely of Hammerstein and Rodgers. Owing to the machinations of the younger members of the family we not only have "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," but we can offer you the full score of "South Pacific."

These young people have an alert and compelling interest in what is going on to-day, and a sublime indifference to the past. One day at lunch the grown-ups were discussing Balzac when, noticing a lack of interest, I accused a young relative of not knowing who Balzac was.

"I do so," she answered. "His horse won the Derby."

You try putting music to that!

ONE of the penalties of being a well-known film producer is the attempts of unrecognised genius to make personal contact, or to have the producer read an inspired script. Mr. Nunnally Johnston, who is now in London turning Irene Dunne into Queen Victoria, was so pestered in Hollywood that he finally drew up his scale of charges and published them. In case you have a script or imagine yourself a Garbo or a Gable, here is the tariff:

| | |
|---|---|
| For reading a play, with one word comment .. .. .. .. .. | $5 a page |
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| For attending amateur performances in a converted shoe store to "catch" promising new material .. .. .. .. .. | $10,000 |
| For looking at talented children.. | $500 |
| For talking to same or their mothers .. .. .. .. .. | $50,000 |
| For meeting "new faces," male.. | $100 |
| For same, female .. .. .. | $1 |
| For same, female, door closed .. | No charge |

**In cases of close friends or warm acquaintances acquired in saloons late the night before, charges are doubled.*

GEORGE KAUFMAN, the American playwright, attended a first night recently in London. In the intermission a friend asked him to come out and stretch his legs.

Kaufman looked at the end of the row and saw the Falstaffian figure of Henry Sherek. "I'll take my exercise in here," he said. "Three times around Sherek is a mile."

ONCE more we see the approach of August, that beautiful, sinister month of fruitfulness and fate. The good earth has hardened with the sun, and conquering Cæsars know that armies can move swiftly across its surface. God is in His Heaven, the corn is gathered in the fields, and the evil in men's hearts is stirred to action.

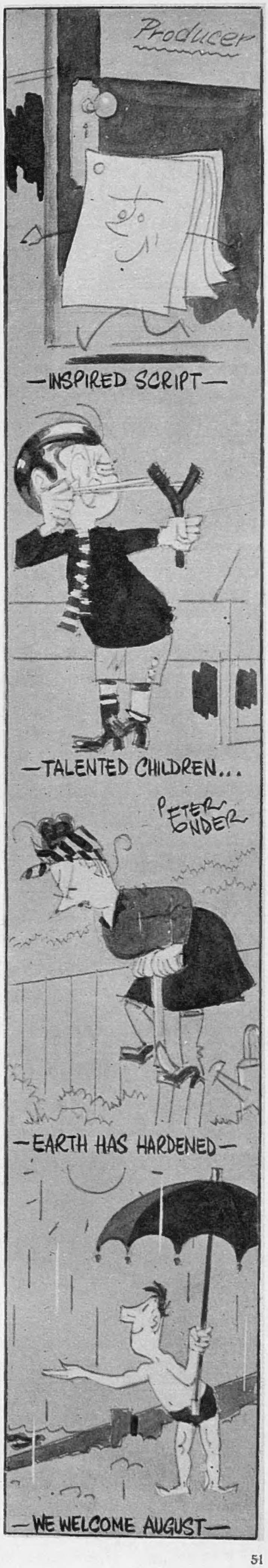
Shakespeare, who foresaw most things, caused Hamlet to say:

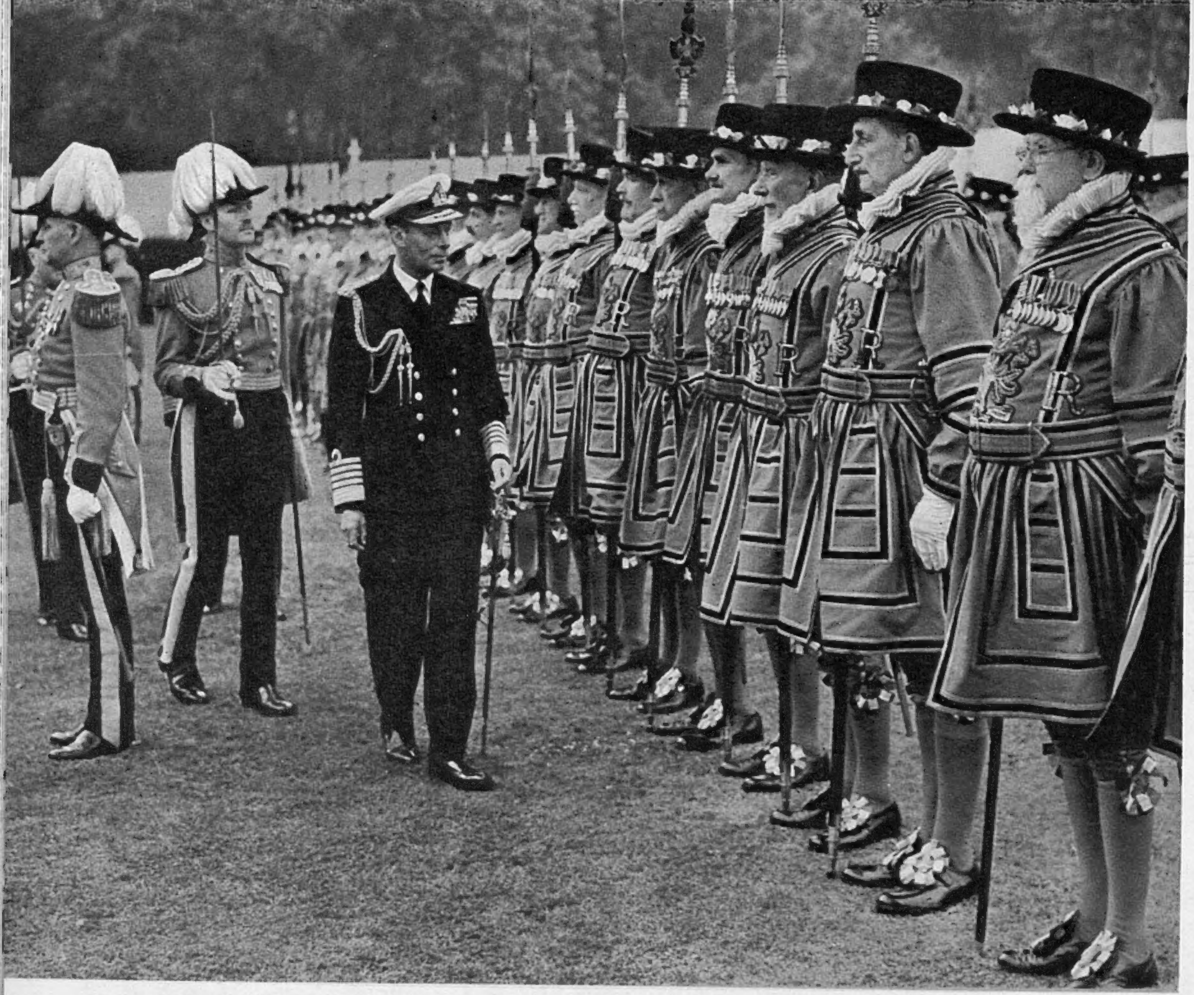
*"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man!"*

This year we welcome August with one hand outstretched, and the other behind our back holding a knife. It is a pity that peace must always be plucked by the roots, and that evil should be so tenderly nourished.

Advance, August, give the countersign and be recognised!

Beverley Baxter





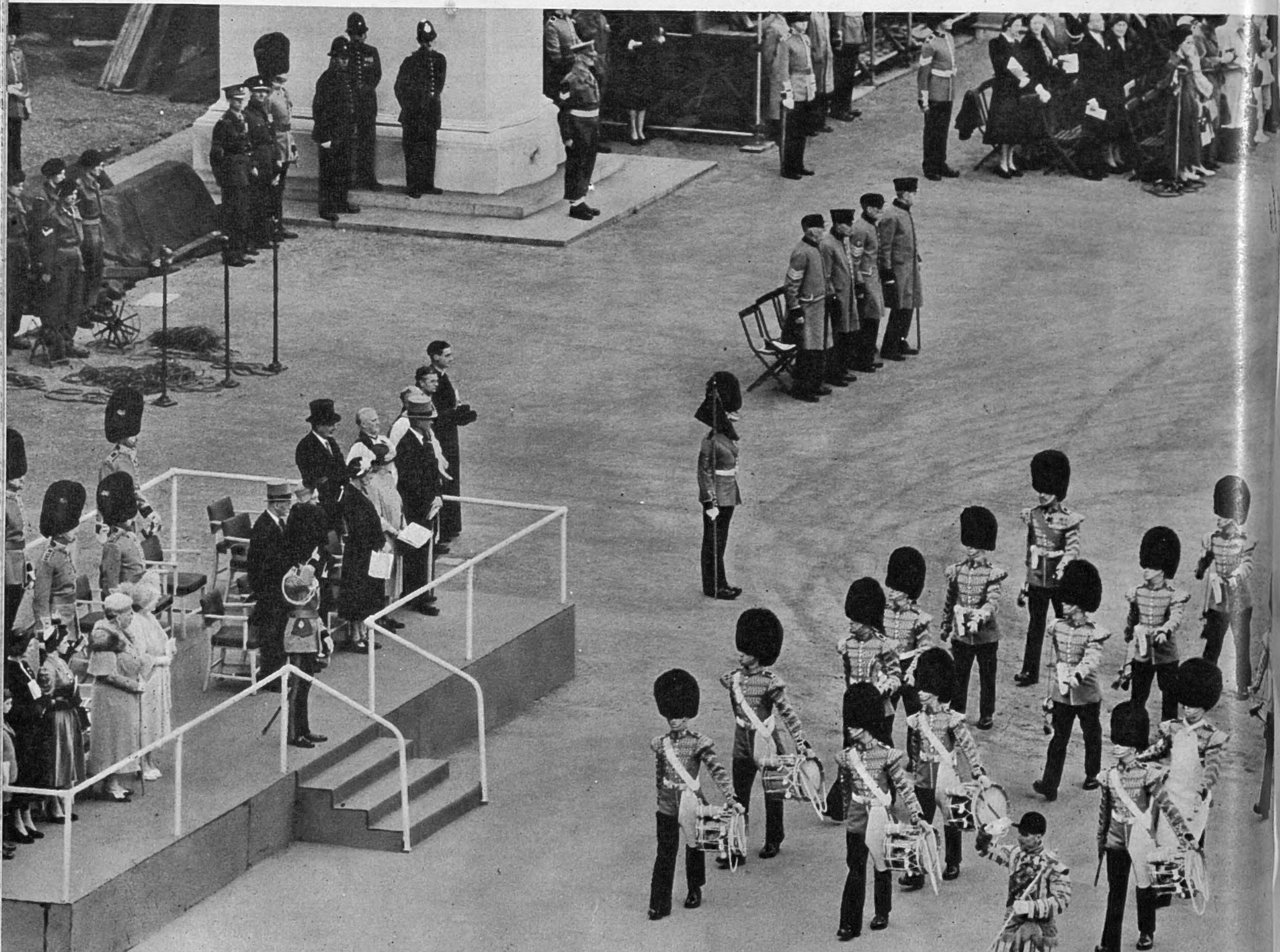
# SOVEREIGN OCCASIONS

*On the left:*

HIS MAJESTY inspected the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. With the King is Lord Lucan, Captain of the Yeomen, and (left) the Lieutenant of Yeomen, General McCalmont. All old soldiers, as their medals testify. The corps was formed in 1485 ; its duties, now purely ceremonial, were once those of the Sovereign's personal bodyguard. Amongst their ancient duties they still retain one—that of searching the vaults of the Houses of Parliament before the opening of each session—dating back to Guy Fawkes's day.

*Below:*

AS Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards, the King presented new Colours to the 3rd Battalion on the Horse Guards Parade, in celebration of the tercentenary of the regiment's foundation. Members of the Royal Family watching from the dais include the Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and Prince Michael, as his Majesty took the salute at the march-past.



Photographed by BARON.

LADY CAROLINE THYNNE MARRIED MR. DAVID SOMERSET

THE KING and Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent were present at the marriage at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Mr. David R. Somerset, only surviving son of Captain Robert Somerset, heir-presumptive of the Duke of Beaufort, of Drayton House, East Meon, and Lady Caroline J. Thynne, only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath. The bride, in a lovely gown of silver brocade, was given away by her father, and her six little attendants were Lady Emma Cavendish, Henrietta Knight, Deborah Vivian, the Earl of Burlington, Michael Astor and Tatton Sykes. Lord John Manners was best man. In this picture, taken at 5, Belgrave Square, lent by Mr. Henry Channon, M.P., for the reception, the guests seen include Queen Mary and the Duchess of Kent.

# Candid Cameo

# CHRISTOPHER FRY

*By "Urtica"*

"I WISH you hadn't turned dramatic poet," wrote James Agate to Christopher Fry in the summer of 1946. "I detest, abhor, execrate, and give your kind to sixscore thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as universal vipers, to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of." A man less sure of what he was after than Christopher Fry might have wilted before this blast from the critical guns of a great dramatic critic. Instead, Fry went on to confound the shades of Jimmy Agate by becoming the catalyst that has hastened the conversion of poetic drama from the intellectual bauble of the tiny Yeats-Auden-Eliot coterie to the popular fancy of a swelling cult that includes amongst its fervent disciples suburban shopgirls, Kensington matrons and the Bloomsbury unwashed.

In two quick years Fry has become established as the most exciting potentiality in contemporary British playwriting. Not only have his two plays, *The Lady's Not For Burning* and *Venus Observed*, attracted the respectful attention of the most esoteric literary minds, but they have taken an almost vulgar amount of money at the box-office as well. No less distinguished a trio of actors than Sir Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud and Pamela Brown have been delighted to mouth his phrases, and he has achieved that rarest of all artistic miracles—he has made poetry a best-seller. *The Lady's Not For Burning* has already gone through six impressions, and 10,000 copies of *Venus Observed* were sold before publication.

Yet great plays cannot be made out of froth alone, no matter how heady or intoxicating, and the question as to whether Fry is the mere promise or the rich fulfilment of the noble Elizabethan dramatic tradition is still being asked by the critics.

Christopher Fry himself is not unconcerned about this speculation that surrounds his works. This short, unobtrusive-looking man who, with his high forehead, finely chiselled nose, darting smile and sparkling eyes looks like an irreverent priest, has often been described as shy. "Quietly confident" would be a more accurate assessment. Although he had to wait until he was over forty before the West End would stage his plays, he had little doubt about their eventual acceptance. "There was bound to be a reaction from the straight prose and four walls of a drawing-room of most contemporary plays," he told me. He was therefore not unduly surprised by the enthusiasm of his critical reception. But his satisfaction is tempered by a nagging doubt that all is not as well as it should be. "I am perfectly happy about what the critics say," he explained, "but they don't seem to be talking about the plays I have written."

This failure to transmit the mood and meaning of his artistry to his audience was most evident in *Venus Observed*. "This was a play about loneliness and solitude," he said, "but no one seemed to notice it." "Perhaps they were too infatuated by the sound of the words to catch anything else," I suggested. Fry shook his head sadly in agreement. "I must do something about it," he said. In his next two plays he hopes to sharpen his characterisations and heighten his atmosphere. This will complete his quartet of plays designed to harmonise with the seasons of the year. As *The Lady's Not For Burning* bubbled with the sprightliness of spring, so *Venus Observed* was intended to convey the more sombre shades of autumn. Summer and winter are still to come.

To many men poverty is a cross to be borne or a flaming sword with which to be avenged. To Christopher Fry, who has been dogged by it most of his life, it is a mantle to be worn, to be made the best of, and to be tossed aside only with a sigh of regret. A descendant of Elizabeth Fry and that distinguished Quaker family, Christopher Fry was born in Bristol forty-two years ago. His father was an architect "with a strong social conscience," who gave up his profession to work in the slums of Bristol. His death when Christopher was an infant left little money for his schooling. The boy's formal education ended when he was eighteen without even the crowning accolade of a School Certificate.

His first job was teaching English, history, and very elementary mathematics at a preparatory school for £90 a year. But the desire to take to the stage was now assuming a concrete shape in his mind. Having accumulated £10 after three years of teaching he joined a repertory theatre at Tunbridge Wells. For the next eight years he made a sporadic, spasmodic and spare living at a variety of odd jobs. He produced and acted in the usual repertory hodge-podge of Shakespeare, Shaw and Coward at Tunbridge Wells and Oxted. Although he cannot read music, he wrote music and lyrics for Charlot Revues, produced a musical called *How Do Princess*, did a spell as a secretary to a novelist, edited a magazine for Barnardo's Homes, tried his hand at cartooning, and wrote children's plays for the B.B.C. During this period he was lucky if he earned £300 to £400 a year. "Our home was then in a fourteenth-century mill and we lived on faith mostly," he said.

In 1936 he married—he now has a boy of twelve—and resolved to take playwriting seriously. He has no profound reasons for having adopted the verse form. "I just happen to like writing that way," he said. His first three efforts were one-act plays based on mythological or semi-religious incidents—*Siege*, which is a French troubador story, and has never been produced; *The Boy With a Cart*, a play about St. Cuthbert, only recently done at the Lyric, Hammersmith; and *The Tower*, written for the Tewkesbury Festival in 1939. By the outbreak of war Fry was establishing himself as a novel and promising producer at Oxford. He joined the Pioneer Corps in 1940 and for four years as a private spent his Army career taking sewer mud down to barges and working in limestone quarries. After a minor success with his one-act comedy *A Phœnix Too Frequent* in 1946, Alec Clunes took him on as staff dramatist of the Arts Theatre Club, where he was paid £10 a week. He wrote nothing during this tenure of office, but immediately afterwards finished *The Lady's Not For Burning*.

His sudden wealth and fame have left Christopher Fry unobtrusively unimpressed. He has until lately been living in his labourer's cottage in the Cotswolds, for which he paid a rent of 6s. a week. It has neither indoor plumbing nor electricity, and it acquired its first bath only at the beginning of 1950. The only divergence from his modest attire of tweedy jackets and unpressed flannels is a penchant for coloured waistcoats with leather buttons. He still prefers to work by candlelight from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m., when he can get "an uninterrupted spell at the typewriter." He views the long vista of West End social life that stretches before him with no little trepidation.

But he still does not understand why so many critics claim that his plays have no substantial story to tell. "Why, I paid £2 10s. for a book of the 1,000 Best Short Stories of the World and I used at least two of them in *The Lady's Not For Burning*. And then the papers complained that it had no plot at all," he said, with a wry grin that tells you a lot about Christopher Fry.

★

## Who . . . Me?

I SHOULD say it was Eliot who was the catalyst. In 1937 I saw *Murder in the Cathedral* being played to a large and attentive audience in the theatre at Streatham. And the effect of Auden's *Ascent of F6* was no small one either. See also the success of *The Cocktail Party*.

I also wonder about "a nagging doubt" (paragraph 4): it feels more like a curious enquiry. And when I said (as no doubt I did), "I just happen to like writing that way," what I *meant* was, "I don't like writing any way, but that's the way I'm driven to it."

Minor corrections: *Siege* and *The Tower* were full-length plays, and *The Boy With a Cart* was about St. Cuthman. A major error, which I hasten to put right, is that my flannels aren't so much unpressed as suffering from my inability to remember to hitch them up when I sit down.

Christopher Fry

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN

STUDY OF A POET-DRAMATIST: CHRISTOPHER FRY

# A SAILOR AMONG THE LAWYERS

VICE-ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN took his salty wit to the annual dinner of the Hardwicke Society—the premier Bar debating society—in the Middle Temple Hall, where he was guest of honour. Among other notable guests were the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Humphreys, Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, Lord Reading and Sir Walter Monckton, K.C. This stately Elizabethan chamber, with its fine hammerbeam roof and pendants, was reopened last year by the Queen, as Treasurer, after its restoration from war damage. On the walls, adorned with the Arms of Readers and Treasurers, Royal portraits include (centre) a replica or copy of Van Dyck's equestrian portrait of Charles I. During the dining terms the Hall is used as a dining-hall for the benchers, barristers and students, who are summoned to table by a horn blown at 6.30 p.m.

# DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

June 27.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone was present for the wedding of Major Charles Lambton, The Coldstream Guards, son of the late Brig.-General the Hon. Charles Lambton, and of Mrs. Lambton, of Mortimer Hill, Berks, and Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, daughter of the late Marquess of Lansdowne, and of Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart, of 23, Charles Street, Berkeley Square.

LAMBTON — FITZMAURICE WEDDING.

June 28.

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Mr. Richard C. Allhusen, of 61, Eaton House, Upper Grosvenor Street, son of Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Allhusen and the late Mrs. Allhusen, married Miss E. J. Chenevix-Trench, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Richard and Lady Chenevix-Trench, of 61 Courtfield Gardens.

June 28.

Princess Sybilla of Sweden was present at a dance given by the three Anglo-Scandinavian Societies at Hurlingham Club. She danced with Lord Sempill, chairman of the Anglo-Swedish Society. He, in kilt, looked as if he might at any moment break into a reel.

ALLHUSEN — CHENEVIX-TRENCH WEDDING.

AT HURLINGHAM.

June 30.

Hared down by car to Eton for the Eton v. Winchester cricket match. Agars Plough pitch excellent, and conditions not too grilling for pleasant afternoon's deck-chair session. Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, in cars with canteens of food and Thermos flasks, converged on the spot. Winchester won the toss, and at close Eton were 22 behind with four wickets in hand towards the morrow. On left: Major Beauchamp Seymour with Miss Anne and Mr. Julian Seymour; on right, Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley—sister of Mr. Cecil Beaton—with son John.

ETON V. WINCHESTER AT ETON.

[Continued overleaf.

# DATE

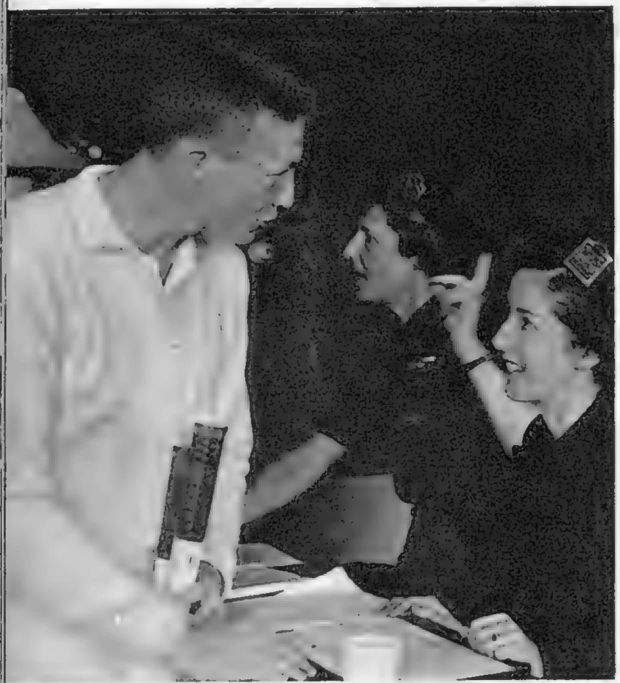
### JULY 1.

*Polo had a good start on Duke of Sutherland's new ground at Sutton Place, near Guildford. Some fast chukkas; and some famous names included Colonel G. H. Phipps-Hornby, No. 3, and Lord Cowdray, No. 2, in Sussex team which beat Oxford 4—1. Left: the Duke of Sutherland and Major S. C. Deed. Right, enclosure, with, l. to r.: Mrs. O'Callaghan, Lady Barnby, Lady Bailey, Miss Curzon-Howe, Lord Barnby, Colonel O'Callaghan.*

POLO AT SUTTON PLACE.

### JULY 3.

*Backstage of Wimbledon Championships. Left: Information centre run by W.V.S., with Mr. Tony Trabert, U.S.A., getting the gen. from Mrs. D. Bateman. Right: stars' restaurant, with Mr. Jaroslav Drobny (Egypt) at tea with Mrs Rita Anderson, who ran Mrs Brough to 7—5 in final set in Paris recently.*



AT WIMBLEDON.

### JULY 4.

*At the Fourth of July garden-party held by H.E. the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Lewis Douglas at their Prince's Gate Embassy, Mrs. Charles Maclaine (extreme left), of New York, went all Edwardian.*

### JULY 5.

*Approaching Henley Royal Regatta from the same high angle, hats included (centre) skull-cap and pheasant feather worn by Mrs. J. H. Cottrell, and (right) a straw sou'wester sported by Miss Bridget Aylmer.*

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS.

AT HENLEY REGATTA.

# -BOOK

JULY 5.

*Net, tulle, silk, chiffon, filled cars and enveloped wearers; jewels, decorations, Orders glittered as guests of their Majesties drove down Mall to brilliant party at Buckingham Palace. Right, nearest camera: Mme. Hägglöf, wife of Swedish Ambassador, with Miss Fitzalan-Howard. Left: H.E. the Nepalese Ambassador and wife.*

TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

JULY 6.

*(Left.) Married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street: Mr. William R. Merton, son of Sir Thomas and Lady Merton, of Stubbings House, Maidenhead Thicket, and Miss Anthea C. Lascelles, daughter of the late Mr. H. F. Lascelles and of Mrs. Lascelles, of 17, Argyll Mansions, Chelsea. Reception: Hyde Park Hotel. Honeymoon: abroad.*

JULY 6.

*(Right.) Down to Glyndebourne once more—evening dress and all—for polished performance of Entführung. During interval Misses Margaret Tudor Evans and Patricia Evans wandered to the lily pond.*

MERTON — LASCELLES WEDDING.

AT GLYNDEBOURNE.

JULY 6.

*(Left.) For Misses Maureen O'Brien and Serena Loehnis, parents Major Robert and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien and Commander and Mrs. Loehnis gave coming-out dance at Hyde Park Hotel. They danced till dawn.*

JULY 7.

*(Right.) Married at St. Margaret's, Westminster: the Hon. Mary Crossley, Lord and Lady Somerleyton's daughter, and Captain William Birkbeck, the Coldstream Guards, son of Major H. A. Birkbeck, of Westacre House, King's Lynn, Norfolk, and of the late Mrs. Birkbeck.*

COMING-OUT PARTY

BIRKBECK — CROSSLEY WEDDING.

[Continued overleaf.

# DATE - BOOK
## (Abroad)

### MAY 24.

**Lagos, Gold Coast.** *A note for big-game fishermen. Mr. John N. Zarpas created new world record capture of a barracuda—27 · lb.—landed on ultra-light tackle—9-lb. test nylon line.*

### JUNE 8.

**Bermuda.** *Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel and daughter Thalia, migrants to Perot's Island, seen with Lord and Lady Scarsdale (right), were snapshotted at Government House garden-party in honour of the King's birthday.*

### JUNE 25.

**Damascus.** *The Duke of Edinburgh was guest of honour at dinner-party given by Syria's Chief of State, Hashem Atassi (centre), in Damascus. L. to r. beyond H.R.H. : Mr. Morgan Man, British Chargé d'Affaires ; Hashem Atassi, the host ; Sayid Bey Youssef, Mayor of Damascus, and Rushdi Bey Kikhta.*

### JUNE 27.

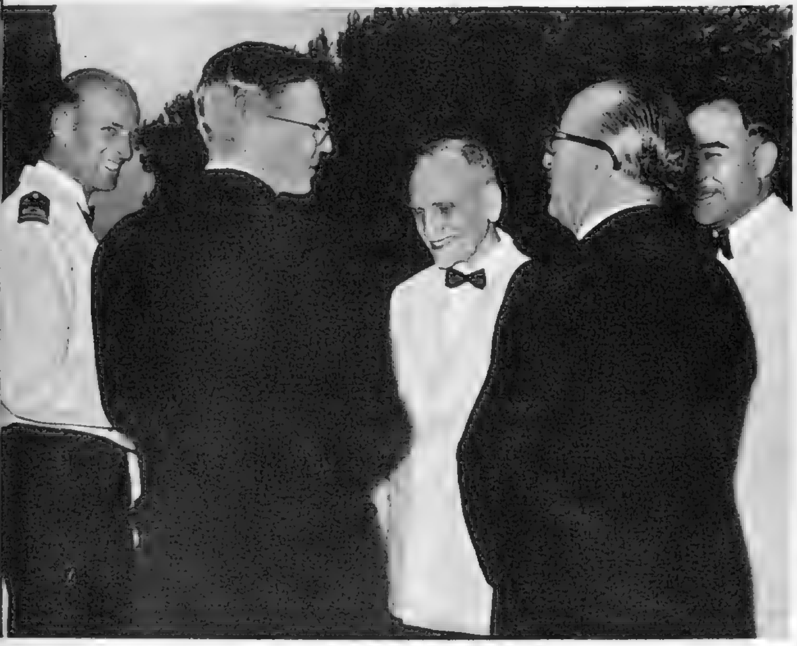
**Vichy, France.** *Our premier show-jumper, Colonel Harry Llewellyn (centre), won Prix de la Compagnie Fermière at International Horse Show here, on his now-famous Foxhunter. He defeated Comte de Maillé (right) on U.R.S.S., second, and Chevalier d'Orgeix (left) on Sucre de Pomme, third.*

### JUNE 30.

**Tel Aviv.** *Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C.-in-C., British Mediterranean Fleet, replied to toast by Israeli Foreign Minister Mr. M. Sharett, at State dinner held at Sharon Hotel in honour of his two-day courtesy visit in H.M.S. Surprise. On left, Lady Edelsten ; centre, host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Sharett.*

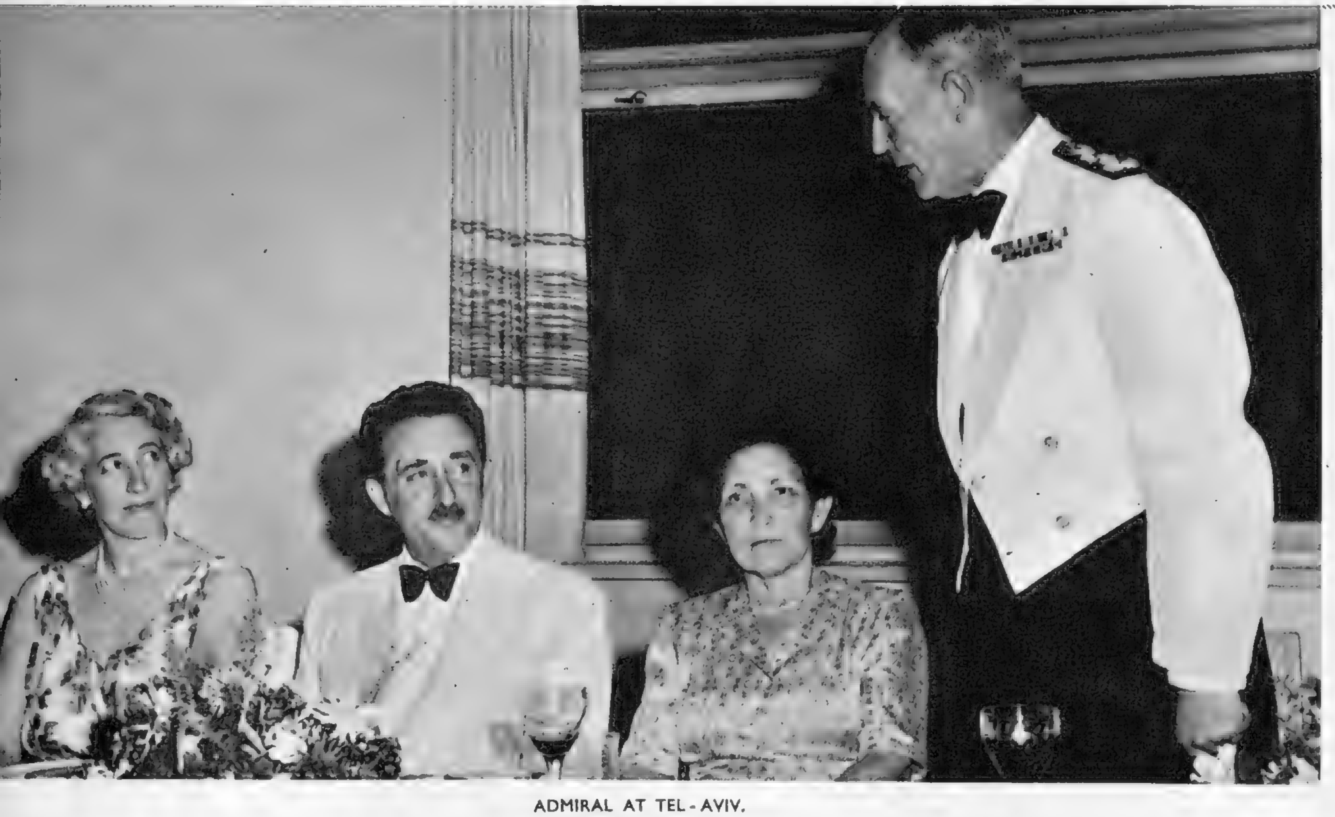
BARRACUDA WORLD RECORD.

BERMUDAN GARDEN-PARTY.



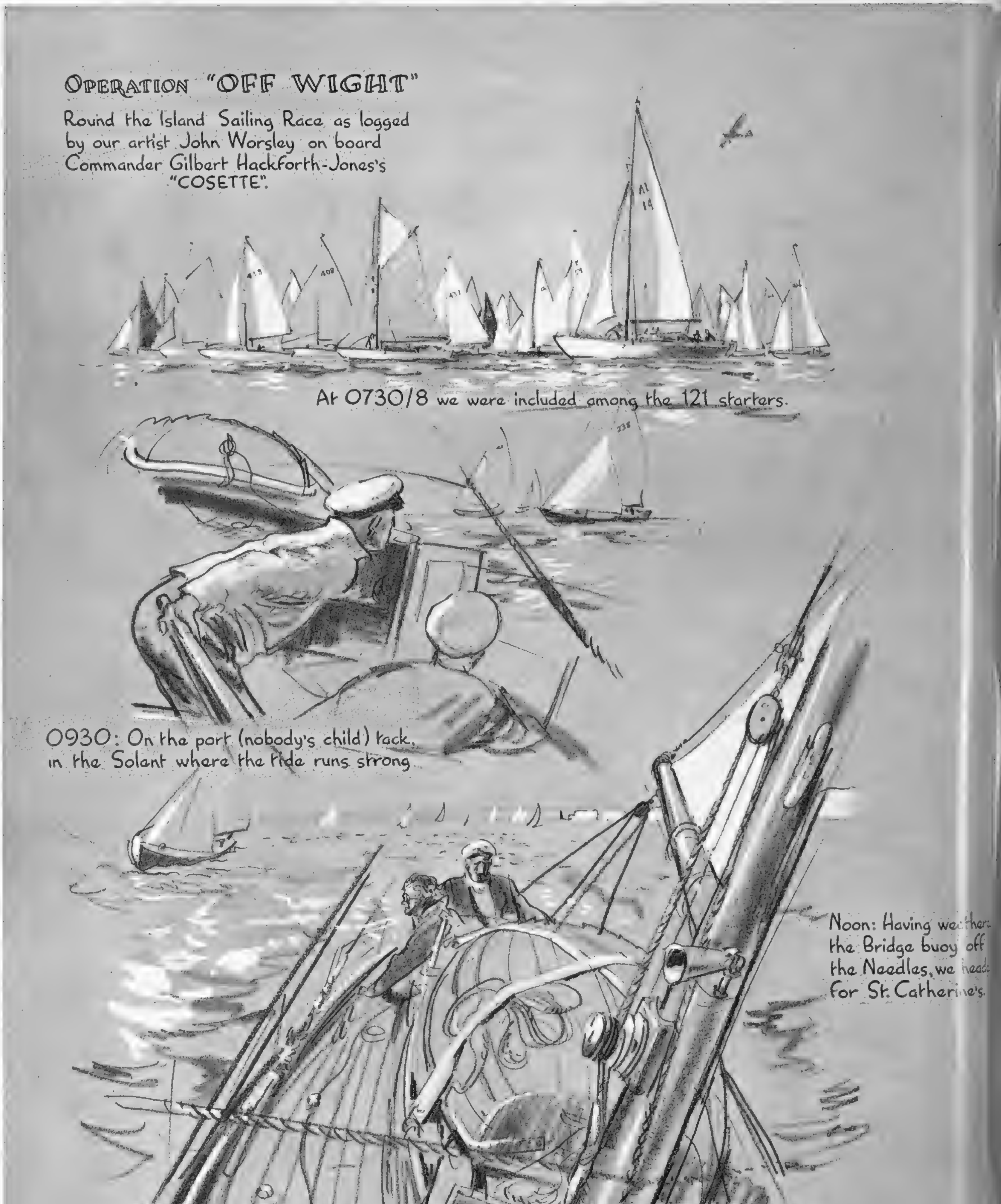
PRINCE PHILIP IN DAMASCUS.

SHOW-JUMPERS IN FRANCE.



ADMIRAL AT TEL-AVIV.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Ray Chesterton.


OPERATION "OFF WIGHT"
Round the Island Sailing Race as logged by our artist John Worsley on board Commander Gilbert Hackforth-Jones's "COSETTE".
At 0730/8 we were included among the 121 starters.
0930: On the port (nobody's child) tack, in the Solent where the tide runs strong
Noon: Having weather
the Bridge buoy off
the Needles, we heade
for St. Catherine's.
John Worsley 1950

1700: Becalmed off Culver Cliff. It was in this area that hopes were shattered and advantages lost. Our crew bathed, and a member was heard to call out "The natives appear to be friendly"
1800: Bembridge buoy at last. View of the run to Spithead with spinnakers set. It was consoling to see so many rivals astern.
2000: The home stretch, passing H.M.S. "FORMIDABLE"
We never asked him, but perhaps he was sailing when the Island was part of the mainland.
2115: Over the finishing line off Cowes. Maybe not first, but we got a gun and a tankard. Major R.N. Macdonald-Buchanan's 12-metre "Kaylena" was the first to cross the finishing line around 1700, but others were still crossing it well after daylight on Sunday.
2230: With lots to say and half an hour to go, at the bar of the Island Sailing Club at Cowes.
"Full house, boys!"

# OUR BOOKSHELF

## by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

### YOU WERE THERE.
By Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon.
*(Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.)*

THIS is the last of the Brahms-Simon novels, for the death of S. J. Simon has ended the collaboration. Miss Caryl Brahms is disarmingly frank about it, warning her readers that it is "less a novel than an out-of-date news-reel," and revealing that she had to finish it alone, so that one would like to think it is as good as the others—*Trottie True* and *A Bullet in the Ballet* and all. The fact is, it is not—quite. It is still fifty times more gay and readable than most of the tortured stories which have been published lately as the work of humorists, but it does lack some of the abandon, the sheer nonsensical uproariousness of its predecessors. There are still some recognisable pieces of that special Brahms-Simon silliness which make you say "Ridiculous!" and laugh aloud. ("'Oh, go to the dickens!' snarled Jones." "'There you are!' Mr. Hollingsworth pointed to a sputter of rain on his office window with something very like triumph. 'Now what did I tell you?' His partner flinched and tried to shuffle his pig-headed Subsidiary Summer Stock List under his Millinery Repeats. There were times when he wished he had never been 'bourne.'")

The pegs on which this brightly-coloured miscellany has been hung are provided by the four children of a Victorian General, Marrible of Mafeking, a friend of Queen Victoria who, as an ageing man ("At his age! Ridiculous!"), starts, and provides for, three illegitimate families. There is Alfie, the son of a French *cocotte*, the twins, children of a little governess in a country house, and Arthur, the offspring of an enchanting village girl. They meet at the Old Boy's death-bed and remain together, more or less, through the 'twenties while History rushes past them in absurd and pathetic motley. Their own stories are indeterminate and unimportant, but it is convenient to watch passing events through their eyes, to argue with them issues like the Thompson-Bywaters case and regret with them the passing of the West End music-halls. Altogether an irresistible piece of tutti-frutti.

### THE JUNGLE OF YOUR HEART.
By Frank Tilsley.
*(Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 10s. 6d.)*

MR. TILSLEY has made his stamping-ground the outer suburbs with their building estates and model factories, their dance halls, vast cinemas, and small front gardens, where people live on pretensions or ambitions or regrets. It is not a world which I want desperately to visit in imagination; most town-dwellers see quite enough, on their way to the countryside, of this Television Belt which surrounds the sprawling metropolis. But Mr. Tilsley is so persuasive and sincere a writer, so earnestly interested in the people he describes, that he wins his audience with a chapter or two and thereafter holds it firmly. He is a novelist to be respected—and, of course, read.

The triangle he has drawn this time has Paul Gregson at its apex. He has known better days, or at least socially superior ones, when he and his wife Grace, a comfortable body who now runs a workers' café, had their own little house and garden, since bombed. He would not mind Grace managing a smart little supper-place to which people could come after the cinema for "snacks"—for that would be respectable and nice. But this tawdry tea-room with a pin-table added to its amenities makes him feel humiliated. Paul turns for consolation to "the girl at the office," Susan Carr, who is a decorative young woman and something of an *intrigante*. And so it goes—a conscientious, honest tale, with motives under the microscope and everyone treated with justice.

### THE TALL HEADLINES.
By Audrey Erskine Lindop.
*(Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.)*

MISS LINDOP takes us into the same world as Mr. Tilsley, among people with a similar code of behaviour, but she does so with a more specific object. It is her determination to show us a family of which the eldest son has been found guilty of murder and hanged. How will they take it—father, mother, sister, brother? How will it affect them socially? Emotionally? Psychologically? The questions are posed without interrogation-marks by the opening of the story, which shows the family moving secretly to a new house on the evening before the son is to be hanged. They are answered efficiently and quite credibly by the rest of the book.

### GROANING SPINNEY.
By Gladys Mitchell.
*(Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.)*

THIS is a most disappointing story, for time was when Miss Mitchell's detective, Mrs. Beatrice Adela Lestrange Bradley, looked like becoming a real ace, the first really satisfactory woman detective. She has deteriorated instead into a mere puppet calling unsuitable people "child" and looking at them with reptilean eyes. All her more subtle characteristics have dwindled away or been forgotten and her fame as a psychologist is quite incredible. In this book everyone gossips and dithers through a couple of hundred pages while Mrs. Bradley remains enigmatic, allowing more murders to take place when the endless conversations about the first pair of corpses have become no longer endurable. It is all so highly improbable, including the murders themselves and the general plot of the book, that it becomes really heavy going in places. And no detective-story has any excuse to be that.

DENISE AND LUCILLE, by Sir William Russell Flint, R.A.

MECHANISIN

H. H. Harris.

G THE ROW

SLAVE-GIRL Gwen Cauldwell plays one of the lovely slave-girls featured in Sol Lesser's latest production for RKO Radio—*Tarzan and the Slave Girl*. Lex Barker stars as Tarzan.

STAGE.—Robert Newton: For making us anxious to strangle the sadistic maniac he plays in the revival of Patrick Hamilton's *Gaslight* at the Vaudeville.

J. C. Trewin

# CHOICE OF THE MONTH

*Selected by our Panel of Experts*

SCREEN.—Betty Hutton, who plunges into the film version of *Annie Get Your Gun* head-first, and wrenches from it a headstrong and sometimes heart-high triumph.

C A Lejeune

LITERATURE.—Robert Henriques, whose novel *Through the Valley* traces the passing of an age and may fairly be called monumental.

RADIO.—Leon Cortez, whose hefforts to huplift the higgorant with harias from the hoperas are hentertaining.

Frederick Laws

# AT THE THEATRE.

## Old Stagers

GOLDEN CITY (Adelphi).
An admirable musical play of the South African Gold Rush in the 'eighties.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (Aldwych).
Betty-Ann Davies presents to us the last stage of an unhappy creature's decline and fall in a New Orleans slum.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry, and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE HEIRESS (Haymarket).
Godfrey Tearle and Wendy Hiller in the period-piece based on Henry James's *Washington Square.*

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
Mr. Eliot's homily in verse, which is the talking-point of the summer season.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

HIS EXCELLENCY (Princes).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

TOUCH AND GO (Prince of Wales).
A buoyant Anglo-American revue.

VENUS OBSERVED (St. James's).
A dance of words with which Sir Laurence Olivier has opened his St. James's season, and Christopher Fry has increased his fame.

CASTLE IN THE AIR (Savoy).
Alan Melville has Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne to shoot the pointed arrows of an ingenious light comedy.

OKLAHOMA! (Stoll).
After three years it is still a Beautiful Mornin' in one of the most famous musical plays of our time.

QUEEN ELIZABETH SLEPT HERE (Strand).
A farce about the cares of country life in deepest Bucks.

BACKGROUND (Westminster).
When a divorce is on the way, what happens to the children? Warren Chetham-Strode answers the question dramatically.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

★ First Choice ★

## "GASLIGHT"

*(Vaudeville)*

HERE again is Patrick Hamilton's passport to Victorian Pimlico. Everything has happened to this play in its time. It has been acted in London and in countless provincial theatres. It has appeared on Broadway. It has been filmed, broadcast, televised, and published. It remains only for Oscar Hammerstein II. to drape a libretto round it (transferred to, say, Nevada), and for Richard Rodgers to provide a score! Happily, I think, it is still powerful enough, after little more than a decade, to be revived in London on its own merits. Most of the people at the première must have known the play, known precisely what happened to the Barlow Rubies and how Mr. Manningham was foiled. Yet the intent silence did honour to both the dramatist and his cast of five. When a few bronchial barkers jarred the opening of the third act, there was so indignant a hushing that I half-expected the offenders to be frog-marched to the Strand.

Hamilton grabs attention at once. While Jack Manningham is persecuting his near-hysterical wife, you want urgently to do him physical harm. It is clear that, in this claret-hued Pimlico room late on a foggy afternoon, he is doing his best to drive poor Bella out of her wits. But why? The comfortable detective who arrives suddenly with a flask of whisky in his pocket answers the question for us. This man, whose name is Rough, has jumped straight from Wilkie Collins, with whose famous Cuff he is no doubt on very good terms. He can say why Bella Manningham is being tortured, and why her husband is so often on the upper floor of the house (his presence signalled by the fading gaslight in the sitting-room beneath). We learn the story of the Barlow Rubies. In fact, we learn a good deal before Rough can contemplate an evening's work well done.

As a psychological thriller of strong excitement, this is still one of the aces in the pack, though it needs the most assured playing. It gets this now from Robert Newton, with that velvety-pouncing voice and gleaming eyes, as the horrible Manningham; and from George Merritt as the rock-firm Rough, who appears almost as an answer to prayer. Rosamund John seems to me to do as much with Bella as any actress could with a part that is one long agony, climbing one hysterical peak after another. Jean Webster Brough (cosy) and Jacqueline Howes (pert) show most agreeably two sides of Victorian domestic service. There are questions one might ask about Manningham's behaviour; but nobody, I think, is likely to consider them while the play is in progress and the Pimlico gas is wavering.

Robert Newton as Mr. Manningham

Rosamund John as Mrs Manningham

Jean Webster Brough as Elizabeth

## . . with J. C. TREWIN

### "HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

(*Arts*)

THE Arts Theatre Club's revival of *Heartbreak House* is, in a sense, a birthday present for Bernard Shaw, whose ninety-fourth birthday is on July 26. This is an all-talking Shaw: playgoers, weaker vessels, who seek a modicum of plot, have no hope. But if you go prepared to listen, and primed with the knowledge that by his "heartbreak house" Shaw symbolises the "cultured, leisured Europe" before the outbreak of the 1914 war, you are likely to have a stimulating night in the theatre.

The revival is timed shrewdly. Shotover, the play's Isaiah of a retired sea-captain, says much to be pondered to-day. Hear him towards the end of the third act on that still night—soon to be broken by a Zeppelin raid. The old man issues a warning against a blind trust in Providence and answers Hector, who asks what an Englishman's business may be, with the sharp: "Navigation. Learn it and live; or leave it and be damned." Walter Fitzgerald acts and speaks Shotover imaginatively, even if his white beard is hardly "immense." He is admirable in the scene with Ellie when he muses on "the accursed happiness I have dreaded all my life long." Others in the Arts cast (directed by John Fernald) find the right manner. Catherine Lacey is as perceptive a Hesione as I have known. Although I cannot say whether or not her eyes are "like the fishpools of Heshbon"—one of the more Shavian stage directions—she has a gleam that I imagine would please the author himself. Jenny Laird is a clear, firm Ellie.

★

### "THE DISH RAN AWAY . . ."

(*Whitehall*)

THIS is not the kind of play one expects to find in the West End of London. As the night wore on, I was reminded of the poorer sketches in the minor revues that used to visit a naval port in the West of England. By the end of the third act I was remembering those sketches with pleasure—at least they were brief: *The Dish Ran Away* . . . lasts for two hours. It is described as Graham Fraser's adaptation from the French of G. Larue. Whatever its origin, it remains one of the feeblest pieces I have ever seen on the stage: a sniggering compound of farcical tricks. In and out of the muddle moves Betty Paul. With her sense of fun and her good singing voice she does her best to withdraw our minds from the banalities of the script. She is our only comfort: others in the company act less with art than with a brand of anxious desperation.

## Next Stage

PETER BROOK, now free of Covent Garden cares, is producing for Tennents a comedy called *Island Fling*, which Nancy Mitford has adapted from André Roussin's Paris success, *La Petite Hutte*. This is about three people who are wrecked on a desert island. They are Robert Morley, David Tomlinson and Joan Tetzel, and since Oliver Messel has designed their island it should be an uncommonly pictorial place. Edinburgh, which is now getting into gear for the Festival, will be the first to see *Island Fling* when it opens a short pre-London tour there on July 24.

**BACK TO PAULA.**

The part of Paula in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* ("The future is only the past again, entered through another gate") has been one of the great show-pieces of the stage since Mrs. Patrick Campbell created it on a May night in 1893 at the St. James's. Then, we are told, she roused the audience to "a pitch of enthusiasm seldom equalled in a London theatre." Now Eileen Herlie will appear as Paula in Pinero's play at the Haymarket on August 23, with Leslie Banks (as Aubrey Tanqueray), Marie Ney and Ronald Ward. Murray Macdonald has produced; Cecil Beaton has designed costumes and scenery.

**EMLYN WILLIAMS.**

Liverpool, on July 31, is to have the first provincial preview of the new Emlyn Williams play, *Accolade*, which will arrive in the West End during the autumn. The author appears as a famous novelist who is knighted and who becomes involved in a grave scandal. Diana Churchill is cast as his wife. Noel Willman and John Cavanah are others in the company; Glen Byam Shaw produces.

**LONG DISTANCE.**

The first Stratford-upon-Avon Festival in the spring of 1879 lasted for ten days. When the 1950 Festival ends on October 28, it will have lasted for nearly eight months, the longest Stratford run on record. John Gielgud has to go to America and Peggy Ashcroft to the Old Vic, so during the four extra weeks in October others will appear in the four parts affected.

**GETTING AROUND.**

Godfrey Tearle will play Macbeth in a production which opens a tour at Oxford on November 13 and comes to the West End later. . . . Cathleen Nesbitt is now the only member of the original Edinburgh cast in the Broadway production of *The Cocktail Party*, which is expected to run for at least a year. . . . Maire O'Neill and Russell Thorndike are to act together in three plays of Synge at the little Watergate, off the Strand, from July 20.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

LOUISE BROUGH (U.S.A.).

MRS. W. DUPONT (U.S.A.).

BUDGE PATTY (U.S.A.).

E. W. STURGESS (South Africa).

A. D. ROWE (Leander and R.C.).

J. E. BROMWICH (Australia).

A. D. LOCKE (South Africa).

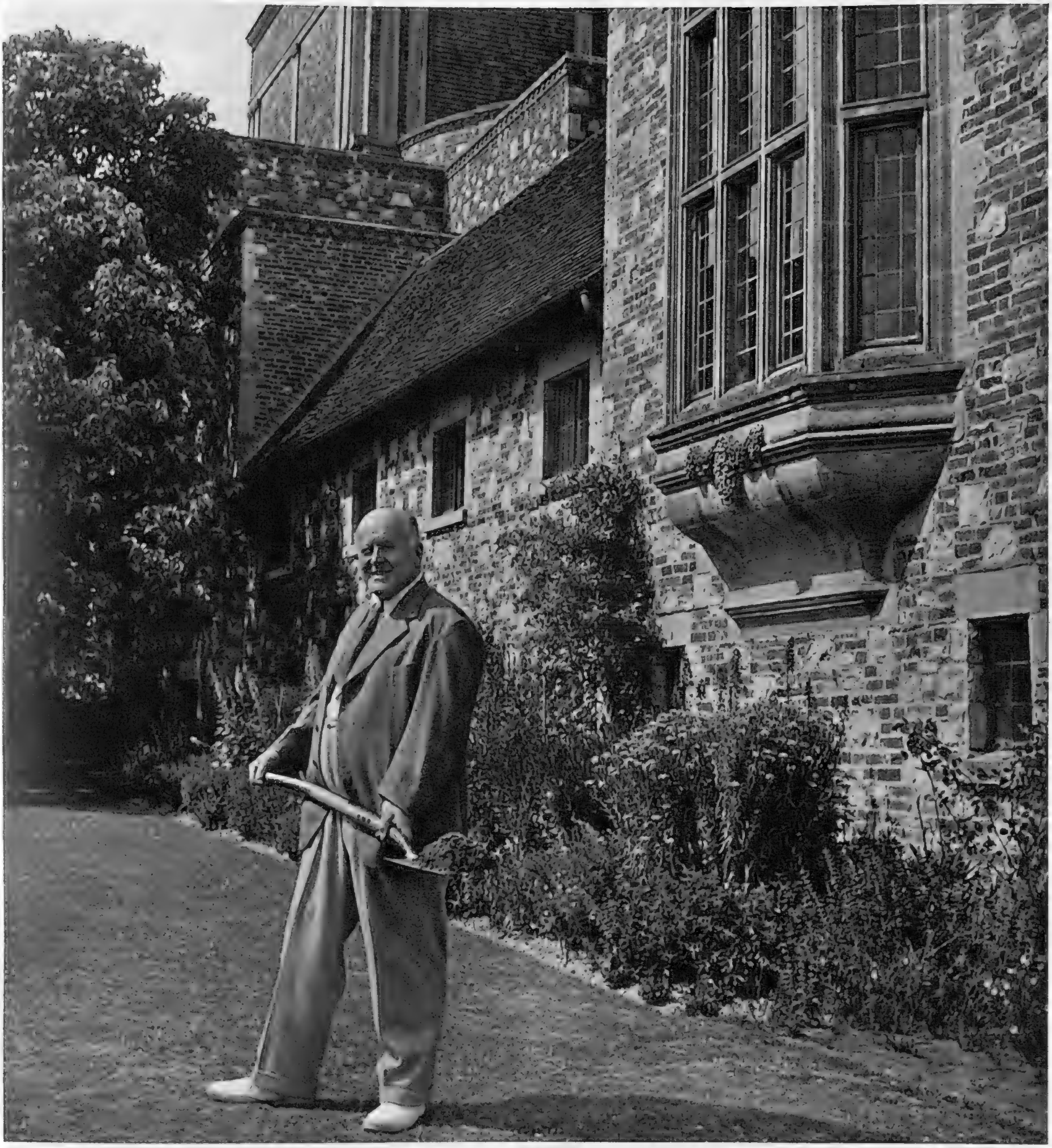
A. K. QUIST (Australia).

## THE CHAMPIONS,

for coming out on top through a crowded week of sport.

LOUISE BROUGH won a twice-triple crown at Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships: the Women's Singles for the third successive year, and a winning interest in two other events—the Mixed Doubles with E. W. STURGESS, and the Women's Doubles with MRS. DUPONT. BUDGE PATTY followed up his victory in the French Singles by winning the Men's Singles over here. BROMWICH and QUIST, Australian champions, brought their experience to Wimbledon; won the Men's Doubles. BOBBY LOCKE won the Golf Open for the second year in succession. A. D. ROWE won the Diamond Sculls at Henley. In the circles the champions are caught in moments of concentration, the quality of which gained them their respective laurels.

# . . . AND WE APPLAUD



Photographed by ROGER WOOD.

## MR. JOHN CHRISTIE,

for bringing Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert together again to revive the Glyndebourne Opera Festival for the first time since the war.

OPERA-LOVERS are once again enjoying the enchantment of a Mozart season at Glyndebourne—from July 6 to 26—the two works performed being *Die Entführung* and *Cosi fan Tutte*, with star singers, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Glyndebourne Opera Chorus. It was in 1934 that Mr. Christie, opera- and music-lover, completed the building of an opera house in his gardens. Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert, working together, produced the first season that year ; and in the five years following they established Glyndebourne, with international singers and a standard of near-perfect production, as a miniature Salzburg. In the picture Mr. Christie, at Hollywood's request, has collected a spadeful of earth, to be mingled with soil from other European Festival centres and blended with Californian earth to symbolise world unity of the arts.

In spite of excellent performances from the entire cast, headed by Joyce Carey and John Byron as the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria and Crown Prince Rudolph, *The Song of the Forest* did not succeed in being really convincing.

# TELEVISION

## by CYRIL BUTCHER

IT is quite a few weeks ago now since we reviewed Douglas Allen's production of *Thérèse Raquin*. In doing so we risked our critical reputation by using a long string of superlatives and by generally going to town about it in a big way. One of the things we said was that here was a hint that television was not only a new form of entertainment but also a fresh art medium. We wondered how soon that hint would be repeated.

Let it at once be denied that we hope to see television transformed into a kind of animated Royal Academy, with its brows raised to the highest levels. That would kill it very smartly. The viewing public being composed of all sorts and sizes, it is only right—as there is only one programme available—that Ally Pally brows should be constantly varying in altitude. At their lowest they are very low indeed, and it demonstrates our innate kind-heartedness that we usually draw a veil over these occasions. But when they are raised to intelligent levels, there is an occasional pleasant surprise and a promise of better things to come.

We are referring now to the presentation of the French classic Daudet's *L'Arlésienne*, complete with Bizet's music. This was an occasion when one could unhesitatingly give top marks, and more than the usual amount of space to discussing it.

In *Bal Creole* viewers were transported to a waterside café "somewhere in the West Indies." Here we see the "Steel Band" in full blast. Most of the instruments—hence the name—are made of old tin cans.

IT may seem odd to begin with the *décor*, but then, our most lasting impression of the production was how beautiful it was to look at. Whose inspiration it was to stylize the *décor* in the manner of Van Gogh, one was not told. But to Stephen Bundy must go the credit for its superb accomplishment. How well Van Gogh realised the smouldering atmosphere of that sun-ridden backwater of France, Provence, was made all the clearer when his style was used as a setting for this play of burning passions, jealousy, hate and rural superstition.

And that makes one wonder whether it might not be worth experimenting a bit more with line-and-wash drawings as settings for other types of productions. Attempts at realism—especially the endless "cabaret sets" that garnish the variety programmes—have fallen pretty wide of the mark, sometimes. Stylization might leave the viewer free to concentrate upon the performers, instead of worrying about badly-fitting curtains and wobbling doors.

But we return to *L'Arlésienne*. Equal compliments must go to the production by George R. Foa (who also translated the play) and to the performances. Gladys Young had no easy task as Rose Mamai, a well-meaning virago whose harassed devotion to her elder, love-torn son, and aversion from her younger, half-witted one, verge on the Freudian. Miss Young took all difficulties in her stride and never deviated from the thin line of good taste. The performance of Ray Jackson, as the younger son, was a triumph, and Carleton Hobbs, as the old shepherd Balthazar, took every advantage of a beautifully-written part.

Finally, of course, there was Bizet's nostalgic music, for which we thank Eric Robinson, who conducted the orchestra and the B.B.C. Chorus. It is sad to think that Bizet died broken-hearted over the failure of *Carmen*. It was considered too unmelodic!

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Though television designers' work is so often taken for granted, two examples of Stephen Bundy's were remarkable enough to be the most interesting feature of the period under review. His settings for *Justice* were a triumph of realism, and in his *décor* for *L'Arlésienne*—stylised in the manner of Van Gogh—he showed that a new field of experiment is open to designers who can combine artistic imagination with technical skill.

WE now turn to Harold Clayton's production of Galsworthy's old play, *Justice*. Here again we find that Mr. Bundy was responsible for the settings, though in a strictly realistic vein. It is difficult to imagine how his reproduction of the court-room at the Old Bailey could have been bettered.

The play wears well. Though nowadays young first offenders are treated with more humanity, this story of the inevitable tragedy of the office clerk who forges a cheque in order to help the woman he loves and who is savagely sentenced to imprisonment—with consequent utter spiritual disintegration—is still a most telling one.

That fine young actor, Richard Attenborough, as Falder, the young clerk, chose this part in which to make his television début. If he follows up with more performances like this one, television is certainly the gainer, for Mr. Attenborough is a "natural" in this medium.

A performance of a similar nature came from another "debutante": Kathleen Michael, as the unwitting *femme fatale*, for whose sake Falder ruins his life. Her great moment, as, bewildered and frightened, she gave evidence in court, was one which we will not easily forget.

ABOVE: In John Galsworthy's famous old play, *Justice* (production by Harold Clayton), Richard Attenborough made his début in television. The part of star-crossed Falder gave him full opportunity—brilliantly taken—for the type of sensitive performance that has made him justly famous. With him here is Henry Oscar (left), that superb character actor, in the rôle of Robert Cokeson.

BELOW: *L'Arlésienne*, Alphonse Daudet's French classic of pastoral life in Provence, was one of Alexandra Palace's best offerings to date. The play was translated, adapted and produced by George R. Foa, a comparative newcomer among TV producers, who is obviously working out a different technique of his own. Here one gets a glimpse of the intriguing *décor* in the Van Gogh manner which added so much to the success of the production.

JUNE. . . MOON. . . CROON. . . SWOON

FRANK SINATRA : By Sherriffs

Photographed by BARON.

## AVA GARDNER . . .

will shortly be seen in the new Romulus film *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, in which she co-stars with James Mason. An American herself, she plays a magnetic American beauty at cross-purposes with life until she meets a Dutchman with a strange personality. The film was made on location in Northern Spain and at Shepperton Studios. It is a colourful and spectacular subject, covering bull-fighting, motor-racing, and flamenco singing and dancing.

" TREASURE ISLAND "—Walt Disney makes Robert Louis Stevenson's classic into an exciting film of " straight " photography. Picture shows Bobby Driscoll as Jim Hawkins (left), with Robert Newton as Long John Silver.

## FILMS IN BRIEF

"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN."—A hit, a very palpable hit. The film people have taken the theatre's triumphant musical show, retained its irresistible, vulgar jollity, and opened it out wide, so that the spectacle has free play. With Howard Keel and Betty Hutton to sing them, the old numbers have all the old pull, and Miss Hutton adds something small and indefinable on her own account—could it be genius ?

"CAIRO ROAD."—Eric Portman in a British thriller about the fight of the Egyptian police to check the illegal drug traffic at its source. Not quite as exciting as Hollywood's companion piece on the same theme, *To the Ends of the Earth,* but very competently done, with the clear stamp of knowledge and convincing detail.

"TONY DRAWS A HORSE."—A miserable attempt to be funny about the things that happen between the time when an obnoxious small boy commits a graphical nuisance, and the moment when he gets the spanking he deserves.

"LOUISA."—Alleged comedy about an American grandmother who so conducts herself that she has to choose between the advances of a practically servile business man and an amorous grocer. Just about as amusing as the sight of an ageing heifer whisking about the pasture with a gadfly under her tail.

" SANDS OF IWO JIMA "—Much of this American Pacific war picture is desperately silly, but some of it is impressive, with an excellent performance by John Wayne (above, right) in the leading rôle.

# ★ ★ ★ AT THE

## REVIEWS *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

**" TREASURE ISLAND "**

In order to clear up misunderstanding and prevent parents from making fools of themselves in front of their enquiring offspring, let it be said at once that Walt Disney's *Treasure Island* is not in any sense a cartoon. It is not even, like *Song of the South,* a mixture of cartoon and live action—a combination that has been deplored by many critics. It is played throughout by flesh-and-blood actors, mostly British. There is nothing in its style to suggest that it is the work of Disney, and it might have been made by Samuel Goldwyn or Sir Alexander Korda, or any one of a dozen producers, so far as appearance goes.

Why did the king of movie cartoons present this particular project in this particular way ? He tells us. " I have always been fascinated by *Treasure Island* ever since my boyhood, and I had the Robert Louis Stevenson adventure story in mind for fourteen years as one of the most exciting prospects in my production plans. I always believed that the only place in which it could be filmed was among the scenes and in the re-created atmosphere which Stevenson conjured up in writing his unforgettable tale. . . . In other words, in England."

So to England he came, and I think most people will agree that the results justified the journey. It is proper to see the square-rigged *Hispaniola* sail away from a West Country dockside ; proper to hear English voices from English sailors ; proper to watch Blind Pew with his Black Spot tapping his way across an English moorland. Only little Bobby Driscoll, as Jim Hawkins, speaks with the accent of a younger nation ; and on this point it is fair to remember, I think, that Stevenson's original story was dedicated to, and in a large degree inspired by, the author's future stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, himself an American boy.

There was much heart-burning among the proud parents of likely lads in this country when thirteen-year-old Master Driscoll was brought over from Hollywood, but the child does his stuff so well, and is such a clear and touching little actor, that I think only maternal prejudice can convict him. The only doubt I have in my mind over this piece of casting is Bobby's appearance of extreme youth and frailty. The book gives no indication of Jim Hawkins' age, but Jim was a riper and sturdier lad than this, one fancies. In the circumstances, the effect has been that Robert Newton, Basil Sydney, and the other adult members of the cast are less inclined to treat Jim Hawkins as a shipmate than to play with him like jolly uncles with a favourite nephew. Some of them pretend to be good uncles, and others pretend to be wicked uncles, Mr. Newton in particular rolling his eyes and smacking his lips and mugging outrageously. But all of them enter into the spirit of the party, and if Disney's *Treasure Island* is not the great work that Stevenson's was, it is all most splendidly exciting and tremendous fun.

**" SANDS OF IWO JIMA "**

There is no fun at all in *Sands of Iwo Jima,* even though Synopsis does describe the film with optimism as " High Adventure in the South Pacific ! " and endorses this claim with a smooth portrait of John Wayne, the star, cheek to cheek with a blonde cutie whom he never even encounters in the picture, and an action picture of Mr. Wayne, less kempt, as Two-Fisted Stryker, who " will win the hearts of everyone ! "

*Sands of Iwo Jima* is an American war picture that shrieks, crashes and zooms with so much din of battle, and assaults the eye with cuts from so many authentic combat records, that it leaves the average spectator practically shattered with battle fatigue. It tells the story of a squad of U.S. Marines who beat " the Nips " first at Tarawa, later at Iwo Jima. In reconstructing these two historic landings, the director drew on topical material that presents, with hideous conviction, the desperate fury of this savage Pacific fighting. Nobody can dispute the force of these scenes ; nobody can find them lovable.

But the studio, plainly aware that the bones of their film may make people shudder, has thought fit to clothe them in strand after strand of artifice and cliché. The problem of the conquest of Iwo Jima takes second place to the problem of the reclamation of the Squad's N.C.O. leader, Sergeant Stryker. Sergeant Stryker, victim of Hollywood's lusher imagination, is forced to fight and conquer his own men before he can defeat the Japs.

As played (extremely well, I may add) by John Wayne, he starts the film in a sad, emotional mess. Some years previously, it seems, his wife has left him, and his only son neglects to write to him. As a result, he has taken to drink and hectoring and become the terror of his company. Every time he sees an insubordinate marine (and *Sands of Iwo Jima* is full of them) he aches to punch him on the jaw or hit him with a rifle. It takes a long time (nearly two hours) before he can be humanised, with the aid of a golden-hearted harlot, and a dimpled private (John Agar), who has been at two universities and " exercises his God-given rights to dislike whom he may please, under a democratic form of Government." Before he dies, in the moment of victory, he is feeding the harlot's baby with canned milk-food, and has so worked on the feelings of the private that this educated young gentleman holds up the entire Pacific war to read aloud the Sergeant's farewell letter.

Much of *Sands of Iwo Jima* is desperately silly, but a little of it is so impressive that one conjectures with some trepidity as to the effect on the mass mind of more and more military tattoos like this.

# CINEMA ★ ★ ★

## PREVIEWS

*HER FAVOURITE HUSBAND* is a fast-moving comedy-drama with the accent on comedy. Set in Italy, it tells the story of Antonio, a timid Neapolitan bank clerk who, unknowingly, happens to be the double of a notorious gangster, Leo L'Americano. When the gang are making plans to rob the bank they discover the likeness between the two men. They then kidnap Antonio so that their leader, Leo, may take his place. Complications arise when Leo has to impersonate Antonio not only in his duties at the bank but also in his home life to his English wife, Dorothy, and her parents. Robert Beatty has the dual rôle of Antonio and Leo ; Jean Kent has her first light comedy part as his wife, Dorothy ; and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dotherington, are played by Margaret Rutherford and Gordon Harker. Also in the cast are Rona Anderson, Max Adrian and Walter Crisham. The film is due to be seen both in London and New York in September.

Below is Robert Beatty as gangster Leo with the Dotheringtons (Margaret Rutherford and Gordon Harker), who have mistaken him for their son-in-law. On right, Robert Beatty again—but this time as the timid bank clerk, Antonio, with his wife Dorothy (Jean Kent).

FOUR new hats to watch out for. HAT ONE : Black velvet draped beret with a little whirlwind as ornament, by Dutallais. 9 gns. at Margaret Marks, of Knightsbridge ; Woods of Colwyn Bay. . . . HAT TWO : Draped jersey tailleur cockaded with petersham, by Chenarre Soeurs. £6 17s. at Marshall & Snelgrove ; James McEwen of Perth. . . . HAT THREE : A restaurant hat with an elegant mount of doves' wings, by Sam Scott. About 10 gns. at Peter Robinson ; Beals of Bournemouth. . . . HAT FOUR : White gros-grain makes the crown and tiny under-brim, navy blue crinoline the undulating upper brims. By Condor, 9 gns. at Liberty, of Regent Street ; Rackhams, of Birmingham.

# Beneath the hat—

— the hair. by Elizabeth Penrose

BENEATH the hat—the hair is still short but not too short, and not without decoration. Steiner of Grosvenor Street has taken to fruit for the season, and here we show some of his amusing fruity ideas. Pin a spray of grapes at the side like a daughter of Bacchus, or wear ear-rings of scarlet cherries mounted on little black velvet bows. Another idea is to pin false ear-phones, attached to a twist of hair to each side, the short front hair being dressed in a double "bolster" fringe. Two lemons mounted on a flower spray might be the answer to your "What shall I wear?" party problem. The last picture shows a coiffure designed by Raymond of Grafton Street—a spring band of coronet curls circles a shorn head, or they can be adapted to be worn in any position.

# WHAT GOES ON

## Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

## CEREMONY

The King presents Colours to the Parachute Regiment at Aldershot on July 19.

The King and Queen attend the International Horse Show at the White City on July 22. On July 27 they attend a Metropolitan Police Force memorial service at Westminster Abbey.

The Queen opens Portland Training College, Nottinghamshire, visits Mansfield and makes a tour of the Orthopædic Hospital at Harlow Wood on July 24. On July 25 she visits Worksop and opens the new school of the Central Council for the Care of Cripples at Athesley Hall, Tickhill, near Doncaster. On July 26 she attends a service at the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great to commemorate the silver jubilee of No. 600 (City of London) Squadron of the R.A.A.F. On July 27 she gives an afternoon party at Buckingham Palace for delegates and visitors to the 13th World Conference of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

Princess Margaret opens Arlington Manor, near Newbury, Berks, the new quarters of the Mary Hare Grammar School for the Deaf, on July 19. Afterwards she attends the camp fire of the 13th World Conference of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts at Oxford. On July 22 she attends the St. John Ambulance Cadet Rally at Sennowe Park, Norfolk.

## CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Sir Edward A. **Raeburn**, Bt., son of the late Sir William Raeburn, and Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. **Hill**, of Boston, Mass.

Cyril, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percival **Crocker**, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, and Janet, daughter of Sir Samuel and Lady **Gurney-Dixon**, 7, The Close, Winchester.

Gerald, son of Lord and Lady William **Percy**, of Horstead House, Norwich, and Jane, daughter of Sir Ribton and Lady **Meredith**, of 89, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7.

Michael Charles Cameron **de Courcy**, of Alderbourne Manor, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, son of the late Lieut.-Com. the Hon. M. J. R. de Courcy, R.N., and Anne Grey **Barrett**, of The Tallat, Northleach, Glos, daughter of the late Major J. L. Barrett, and of Mrs. Barrett.

Michael John, son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. **Fitzherbert-Brockholes**, of Claughton Hall, Garstang, Lancs, and Mary Edith, daughter of Captain Charles **Moore**, of The Pavilion, Hampton Court Palace, and the late Lady Dorothie Moore.

Julian, son of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John **Salmond**, and the Hon. Lady Salmond, of Lyminster House, Littlehampton, and Brigid, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. **FitzHerbert Wright**, of Bridgewater House, Grantham.

Denys, son of the late Major Tahu **Rhodes**, and of the Hon. Mrs. Rhodes, of Mount Offham, West Malling, Kent, and the Hon. Margaret **Elphinstone**, daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, of Carberry Tower, Musselburgh, Midlothian.

Christopher Paul, son of the Hon. Laurence Methuen **Campbell**, of Greenham Barton, Wellington, Somerset, and of the late Hon. Mrs. Methuen Campbell, and Oona Cicely, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple **Treherne**, of Otley High House, near Ipswich.

John Whippey, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ernest **Garrard**, and Margaret Monica, daughter of Sir John and Lady **Moylan**, 118, Walton Street, S.W.3.

Lieut. Christopher Denis **Boyd**, D.S.C., R.N., son of Admiral Sir Denis and Lady Boyd, of Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts, and Christine Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Christopher **Gant**, of 184, Ashley Gardens, Westminster, S.W.1.

## SPORT

### RACING

July 21, 22. Hurst Park and Manchester.
" 24. Worcester.
" 25–28. Goodwood.
" 28, 29. Catterick Bridge.
" 29. Alexander Park.
" 31–Aug. 1. Birmingham.
August 2, 3. Bath.

### GENERAL SPORT

Athletics: A.A.A. Junior Championships at White City, July 29.

Cricket: At Nottingham on July 20, England *v.* West Indies (Third Test Match—five days); at Lord's, Gentlemen *v.* Players on July 26; and Rugby *v.* Marlborough (two days) on August 2.

Golf: Scottish Amateur Championship at Prestwick until July 22; Dagger Cup Open Meeting at Stover, July 22–25.

Horse Shows: International Horse Show at White City, July 22–28; National Pony Society's Show at Roehampton Club, August 1–2.

Rifle Shooting: National Rifle Association Meeting at Bisley until July 22; Clay Pigeon Championship of Great Britain, July 28–29 at Northolt, Middlesex.

Tennis: Irish Close Hard Court Championships at Bangor, Northern Ireland, until July 22; Inter-County Week at Scarborough, July 24–29.

Yachting: Plymouth Week until July 22. Cowes Week from July 27–August 5.

## ENTERTAINMENT

### STAGE

***Favourites***

"Oklahoma!" . . . . . . Stoll.
"Traveller's Joy" . . . Criterion.
"The Heiress" . . . Haymarket.
"Brigadoon" . . . His Majesty's.
"Beaux' Stratagem" . . . Lyric.
"King's Rhapsody" . . . Palace.
"Castle in the Air" . . . Savoy.
"Worm's Eye View . . . Comedy.
"Venus Observed" . . St. James's.
"Ring Round the Moon" . Globe.
"Latin Quarter" . . . . . Casino.
"Folies Bergère" . . Hippodrome.
"The Holly and the Ivy" . Duchess.
"Home at Seven" . . Wyndham's.
"Fallen Angels" . . Ambassadors.
"The Cocktail Party" . . . New.
"His Excellency" . . . . Princes.
"Touch and Go" . Prince of Wales.
"Carousel" . . . . . Drury Lane.
"Seagulls Over Sorrento" . Apollo.
"Background" . . Westminster.
"Golden City" . . . . . Adelphi.
"Queen Elizabeth Slept Here" . . . Strand.
"A Streetcar Named Desire" . . . Aldwych.
"Knights of Madness" . . . Victoria Palace.

***Newcomers***

"The Taming of the Shrew" (Regent's Park Open Air Theatre)—Robert Atkins' production with Antony Eustrel and Ruth Lodge.

"Mister Roberts" (Coliseum)—comedy-drama from U.S.A., with Tyrone Power and Jackie Cooper.

Abbott and Costello at the Palladium. July 24–August 5. Followed by Donald Peers. August 7–19.

"Captain Carvallo" (St. James's)—new comedy presented by Sir Laurence Olivier, with Diana Wynyard and James Donald. August 9.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" (Haymarket)—revival of the Pinero play, with Eileen Herlie and Leslie Banks. Cecil Beaton costumes and décor. August 23.

### MUSIC

A season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts at the Albert Hall from July 22.

The Glyndebourne Festival (Mozart Season and Bach Bicentenary Concerts) until July 23.

Cambridge Festival of Music and Drama from July 29 to August 19.

"The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, until Aug. 5.

### BALLET

At Covent Garden: The New York City Ballet Company, until August 12.

American dancer Martha Graham and dance company at the Piccadilly Theatre, until August 5.

### ART

Burlington House: Royal Academy Summer Exhibition ends August 7.

Tate Gallery: Contemporary Italian painting and sculpture until July 30.

Victoria and Albert Museum: William and Mary Exhibition.

Claude Muncaster's recent paintings at the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, until July 28.

Œuvres Choisies (Vuillard, Utrillo, Soutine, Braque) at Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1.

Symbolic Realism in America Painting at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover Street, W.1.

Nineteenth Century French Paintings at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street, W.1, until August 4.

"Artists and Fame and Promise" at Leicester Galleries, Leicester S[quare].

"Three Centuries of British Silver" at Malletts Gallery, 40, New Bond Street, until July 29.

Royal College of Art exhibit at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, until July 29.

Society of Graphic Art and the Ridley Art Club at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, until July 29.

R.W.S. Art Club at R.W.S. Galleries, 26, Conduit St., from July 24.

Summer Exhibition at Redfern Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1.

### SOCIAL EVENTS

A Carnival in the grounds of Bedford College, Regent's Park, in aid of King's College Hospital Group Association and the London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, on July 25. The Duchess of Gloucester will be present.

The Arundel Castle Ball, in aid of Sussex charities, on July 26.

A special matinée performance of "Seagulls Over Sorrento" at the Apollo Theatre on July 27, in aid of the Navy League's Sea Cadet Corps fund. Queen Mary will attend.

Foyle's Luncheon at the Dorchester on July 27. Guest of honour, Lord Hankey, will speak about his book, "Politics, Trials and Errors."

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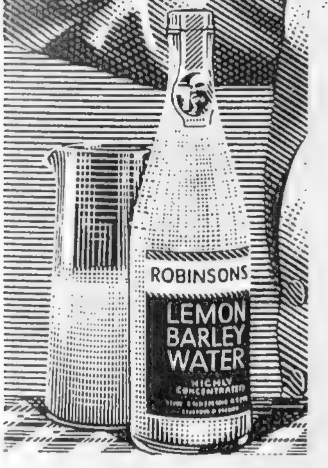


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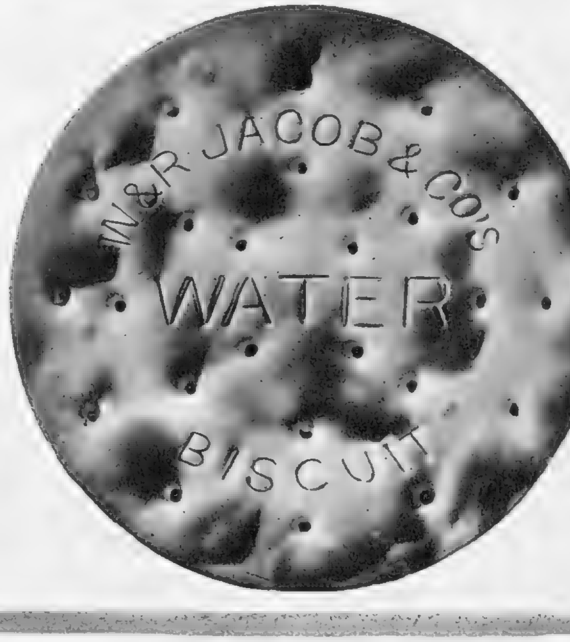


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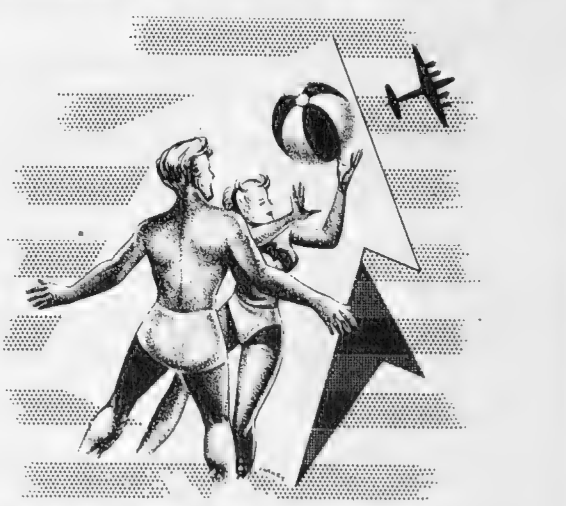

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**WHO'S WHO**

*No. 3*

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|---|---|---|

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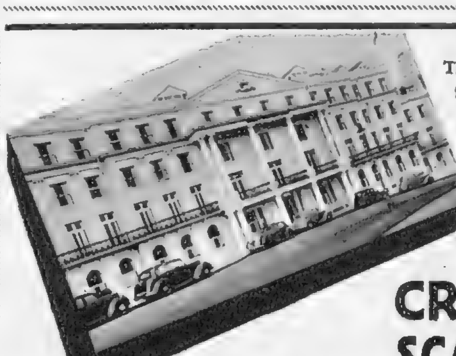

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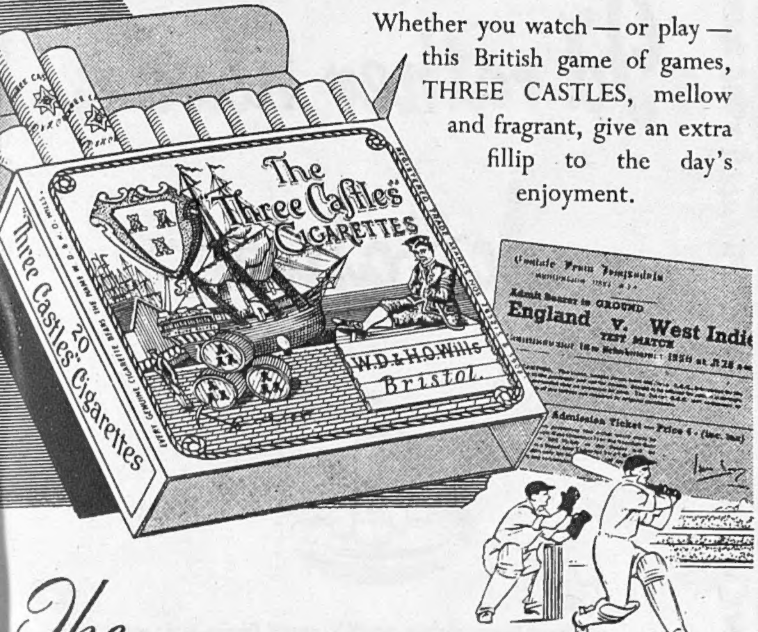


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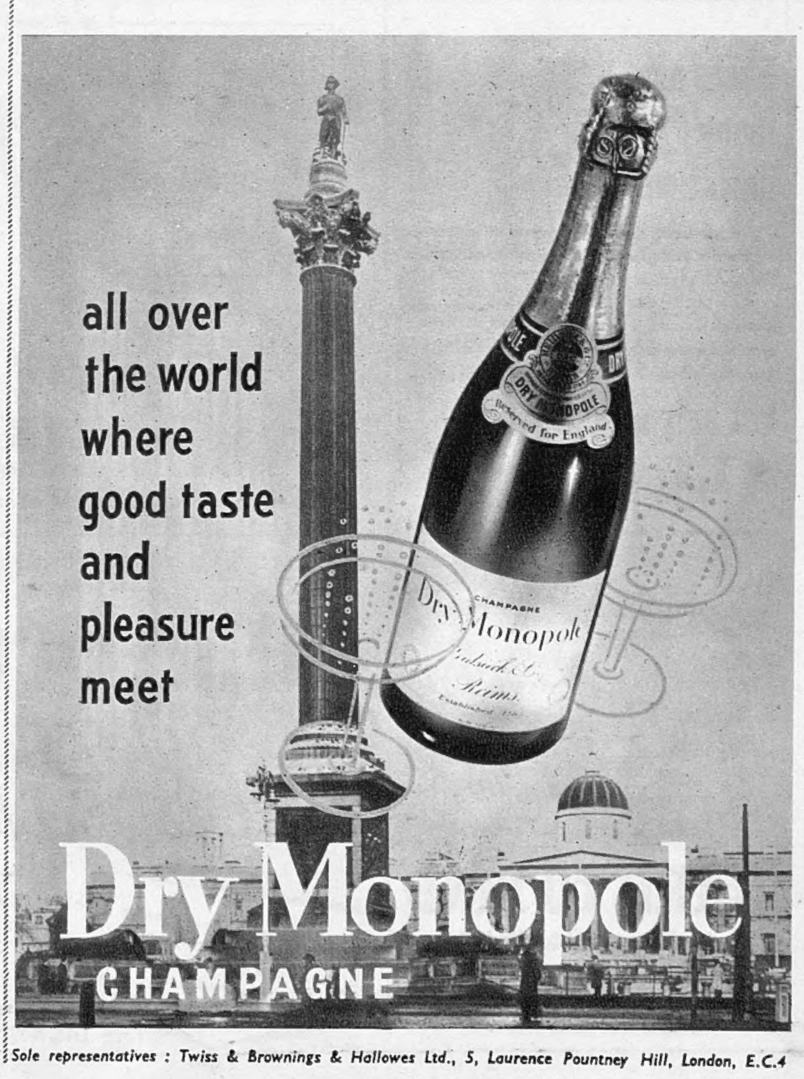


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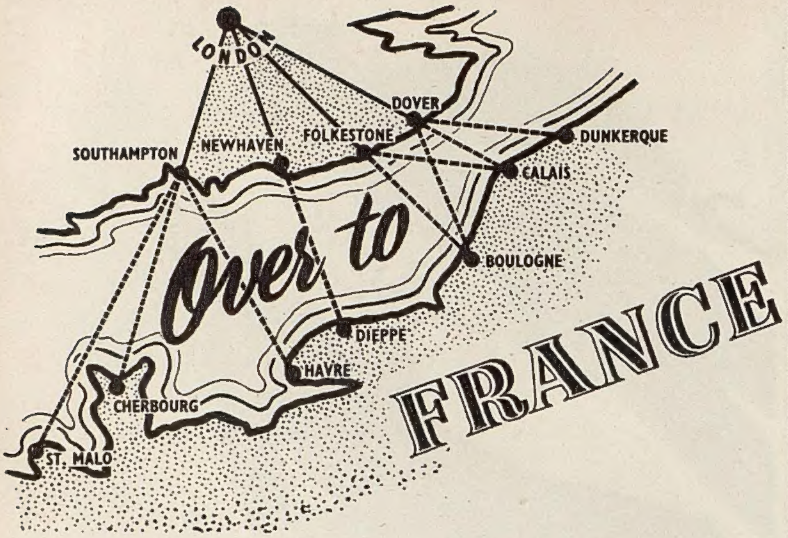


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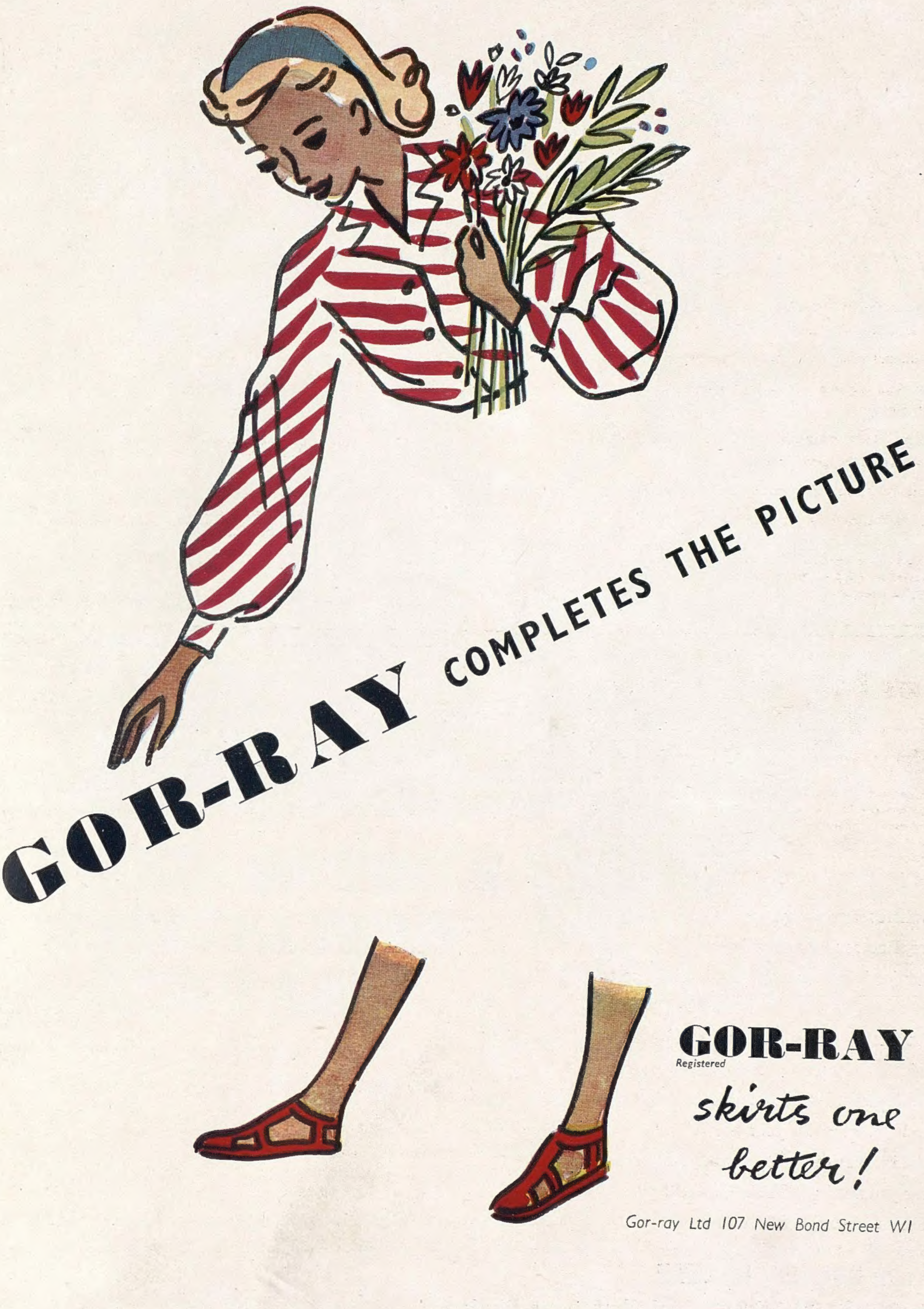


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